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EUGENE SCHUYLER, CONSUL GENERAL TO EGYPT.

The appointment of Mr. Eugene Schuyler as Assistant Secretary of State meets with unanimous approval of men of both parties, and the verdict is that Mr. Schuyler's extensive experience as a diplomat will make him a power in the office of Secretary of State Blaine.



Eugene Schuyler was born in Ithaca, N. Y., on the 26th of February, 1840, and was graduated at Yale in 1859, while pursuing his post graduate studies with two scholarships he had earned, he attended the law school and assisted President Parker in the revision of Webster's Dictionary. Later on he studied law at Columbia College and in an office. He practiced subsequently, but gave more attention to literature than to law, and his contributions to periodicals were frequent. He began his diplomatic career as Consul in Moscow, Russia, the language of which country he had completely mastered. He afterwards served as Secretary of Legation in St. Petersburg, was Consul General at Constantinople, Rome and Bucharest. Mr. Schuyler's reports of alleged Turkish outrages in Bulgaria in 1876 aided materially in bringing on the Russo-Turkish war. In this matter his zeal outran his discretion and he was little less than an agent of Tynoff in this business. Mr. Schuyler some years ago was appointed non-resident lecturer on Diplomacy at Cornell University and gave a very successful series of lectures. Since 1884 he has been traveling in Europe. He is an able writer and translator and it is to him that we are largely indebted for the interest aroused in this country in Russian literature and Russian customs. Mr. Schuyler has contributed to American and English magazines and reviews and is the author of "Turkistan Notes of a journey in Russian Turkistan, Khokand, Bokhara and Kuldja," "Peter the Great" and "American Diplomacy." He was married in July 1877 in Paris to Miss Gertrude King, whose father was sometime President of Columbia College. Mr. Schuyler's nomination for the Assistant Secretaryship was withdrawn owing to opposition in the Senate, about which body he had made some remarks in one of his books; instead of he has been made Consul General to Egypt.

WHAT I SAW AND HEARD.

What will women wear next? While strolling along F street the other day, my curiosity was excited on seeing a lady, wearing for a belt, a massive dog collar. It was covered with brass nails with very large heads; in the centre was an oval tin or silver plate for the name of owner and number of license of dog. I hardly think any one will attempt to steal her.

"Palmer is a dandy," said a big florid faced man to several men in front of the Printing Office the other day. "How's that?" asked some one. "Well, you see," said the florid faced man; "when he was appointed Public Printer, those Republican fellows on the outside, thought he would turn out all the Democrats and put them in, but they got left." "I don't see how you make that out," said his friend; "he has taken back all the old foremen." "Don't you believe it," said the florid faced man; "a few of them are back, but we boys still manage to hold on, and I'll bet the drunks for the crowd, that outside of a few foremen places, our boys have the best paying jobs. What's better still, we're going to keep

them. It makes me laugh to see them hanging around trying to catch on." Just then the whistle blew, and the crowd went in to work and laugh at the Republicans who can't "catch on."

Prejudice is a funny thing isn't it? Several days ago I had occasion to go to the Land Office on a little business mission, and while waiting to see "my man," noticed several female clerks in a corner of the room in an animated discussion. At first I thought it meant a wholesale dismissal, and so I listened to catch the names of the unfortunates. When the one talking the loudest said: "I think it is a shame to make us work under him. I don't see what the President was thinking of when he appointed him here. I shan't go, that's all there is to it. I'll go and see the Commissioner." Hello, hello! I said to myself, what's up? Just then the Chief Clerk or some big gun stepped up to the little kicker and said, "You will have to go Miss —," (calling her name); "That is the order." You never saw such a change in a woman in your life. A moment before she was flushed and highly indignant, now all smiles as she answered, "All right Mr. —," and began getting her things together as two stalwart laborers picked up her desk and left the room. I forgot my mission to follow the desk. It was taken into Recorder Townsend's room, and a few moments later the little kicker entered with an armful of papers, and in the blandest manner and sweetest of smiles said, "Where shall I put my desk, Mr. Townsend?" In a very gentlemanly and polite manner he told her where she was to be located. To say that I was surprised, scarcely expresses my feelings. Here was a common servant of the Government taking the President of the United States to task for appointing a colored man to a respectable position. This educated and Christian gentleman, who has been honored for years with the personal friendship of the President, and who received his appointment because of his known ability and gentlemanly habits. And yet this little upstart did not consider him good enough to be her superior. Poor little idiot. Prejudice is a funny thing, isn't it?

I overheard a conversation between "Col." Perry Carson and a few of his admirers the other day. The "Col." seemed to be a little wrathful over what he considered the very foolish conduct of certain gentlemen, who saw fit to indorse a gentleman, not of our race, for Recorder of Deeds. He thought that if any should be further indorsed it should be himself or one of the other colored candidates. I wonder if all of his indorsers are colored? He evidently did not think at the time he was airing his views, that he was exhibiting a little of that very prejudice himself, that he and others, who think as he does, complain of in the Anglo-Saxon. I am pleased to know that there are colored men here, as well as elsewhere, who are broad minded enough to assist a white man to a place, when asked to do so. The "Col." has many things to learn notwithstanding his years and experience. Brace up, "Col.," and wish the best man success. White men indorse colored men and it is but fair and proper that they should be indorsed by colored men. It is a true sign of intelligence and progress.—KING MARLEAUX.

THE RECENT GREAT BATTLE, AND THE POSSIBILITIES OF A COLORED WORLD'S CHAMPION.

Editor of the "Bee."

That much talked of event, that has for the last month monopolized the public attention to the exclusion of almost every thing else, has been decided. Sullivan and Kilrain have met to decide the fistie supremacy, and Sullivan has been hailed the winner. It was easily discernible that Sullivan was the popular favorite, aye he is undoubtedly our country's pugilistic idol. Kilrain's pugilistic star has been absolutely overshadowed by the brighter constellation of the Boston boy. Kilrain though gaining first blood, and first fall was never a possible winner. He was clearly, fairly, outgeneraled, out-fought and outslugged. He was severely punished and fought

against absolutely insurmountable obstacles, but like Barkis "he was willing" and fought all in all a very creditable battle. The civilized world knows the fight down to the minutest detail, and it is superfluous to descant upon it here. Sullivan has fairly won the championship as far as his battle with Kilrain could decide it, but is he even now the real champion? If he adheres to the oft repeated assertion that this would be his last battle his retirement would bring forward new aspirants for the title. If on the contrary John L.'s success in his "mill" with Kilrain has inspired him with renewed confidence in himself if he is still loth to relinquish his status in the pugilistic world, there is one thing he must do to convince the fair-minded public that he is, indeed, champion. He must overshadow the Black Star of the West that is rapidly rising to an immense altitude in the pugilistic firmament or be overshadowed by it. He must convince the public beyond the peradventure of a doubt that he is the bright particular star of the world he moves. Of course there are those of his friends who believe him invincible, unapproachable, unbeatable, and there are others like myself who would rather wait to see him "size up" with a man who is his equal in every respect, a man whom I feel free to assert will offer no unmanly excuses if he is beaten. Such a man, in my opinion, is Peter Jackson. Sullivan has on different occasions sent men who had the temerity to challenge him to look for a reputation before they could ever expect to be noticed by him. He could hardly expect to spring that "chestnut" on Jackson.

In looking over the records of the two men, Jackson's does not suffer by the comparison. The man from whom Sullivan won the championship (Ryan) was beaten by Joe McAuliffe, who was easily beaten in turn by Peter Jackson. It was some time afterward, it is true, but it took only three rounds, in a subsequent battle it took Sullivan the same number of rounds to do the "old man." Jackson beat Cardiff hands down in ten rounds, the best Sullivan could get in a ten round "go" with the same man was a draw. One might say an accident prevented Sullivan from winning. The reports of the fight agree that it was given to take all the way through, and the referee would have to be stocked with partiality to Sullivan, if he gave a decision other than a draw. To sum up the records of the two men I feel safe in saying that Sullivan in defeating Ryan and Kilrain, conquered not a whit better men than Jackson has in McAuliffe and Cardiff. In fact I have an opinion a very decided one, that McAuliffe would not come out second best in a contest with Kilrain. In very truth I cannot see upon what Kilrain based his pretensions to championship. A most minute and microscopic examination of his achievements would fail to disclose anything of a character one would expect of a real champion. However, Sullivan has beaten him according to the usages and requirements of the ring, and has recovered the prestige of gone-by days. Now, what will he do? Will he remain the central figure in the pugilistic world by willingly defending his title against all comers? If he decides to retire from the arena, he will show a longer head than one gives him credit for. Because in the first place there is an unlooked for and formidable accession to the pugilistic ranks and that too from an unexpected quarter—the Negro race. The man to whom "Sailor Brown" insolently remarked, that "he couldn't stop him in six rounds, he couldn't hit hard enough," and who simply smiled and replied "all right" is in the country and is willing to try conclusions with anybody. If Sullivan concludes that he is still the best man alive, he must abolish his unbecoming prejudice and give this show. If Sullivan declines to fight Jackson, he will inaugurate a new departure in fistie traditions (i. e.) he will choose whom he shall fight. In the exuberance of their feelings over Sullivan's victory the general public will probably deny that Sullivan's superior breathes. But I am confident that in their calmer moments, when the glare has worn off his latest achievements, the fair play loving public and all honest sportsmen will decide that John L. "has one more river to cross." I have ever been

an admirer of Sullivan's pugilistic prowess and was pained beyond expression to hear of his issuing the unmanly edict—"I will never fight a nigger." Can John Sullivan claim to be better than the good old English champions? Is the white pugilist of to-day better than those who lived and fought at the commencement of the present century? I think not. Molyneux, the American Negro fought on Albion's shores with the then champion of England. Bob Travers contended with Mace on two different occasions for fistie supremacy. In fact in all England in all time no man was refused a fight because of his color. Will Sullivan's most ardent admirers claim that he is any better than those people, hardly, viewed from any standpoint? Happily, the rules provide no loop hole of escape for would-be champions on the score of the color of a man's skin, and Sullivan will find himself sadly at variance with the time honored customs of the ring in the stand he has taken.

Peter Jackson is up to championship form, he is, according to the opinion of that talented writer on pugilism, Capt. Cook, the premier of the boxing world.

JAY KAY.

THEY SAY



Worry kills more men than wars.

Politicians have been known to live after breaking their necks, but their activity as politicians had wholly ceased.

Experience gets there every time.

Great men can outgrow nicknames.

Wisdom waits to be asked for advice.

A woman tired of hearing of love is tired of loving.

Many a man lives on the reputation other people make for him.

The truth about some men is not told until after they are dead.

If every man could have his way, the world would be almost depopulated.

The man who never knows the time of day is always too late or too early to wait.

Trusts are combinations of men and corporations that cannot trust one another.

The man that guesses at probabilities often over reaches the man that waits for the truth.

Much sympathy is thrown away on an ambulance patient, it may be only a case of plain drunk.

Sometimes it is wiser to beg pardon than to fight. The other fellow may be bigger, and a black eye is a cloud.

When a policeman says "move on" it is wise to move. He has two advantages; a club and the semblance of law.

A woman's courage often reaches the supreme point.

In the Democracy of intellect is found no color line, to debar men, and women from the rights and privileges it affords, it only exists among the narrow minded and shallow fools who represent in themselves the element of superlative littleness.

The Lieutenant of the watch is after the sharper we flung a brick, at last week.

He had better walk mighty straight.

Bruce Grit has got there and is well supplied with Bee stingers.

The "Washington Press" is the best morning paper in Washington. And the only republican organ that strikes out from the shoulder.

Somebody stole Mahone's boodle. Somebody will steal him soon.

It would be a blessing to the party in Virginia if they did.

Mr. Langston is pleased with the literary part of the serenade. He says it could not have been better.

Mr. Langston doesn't use taffy—He is too conscientious for that.

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